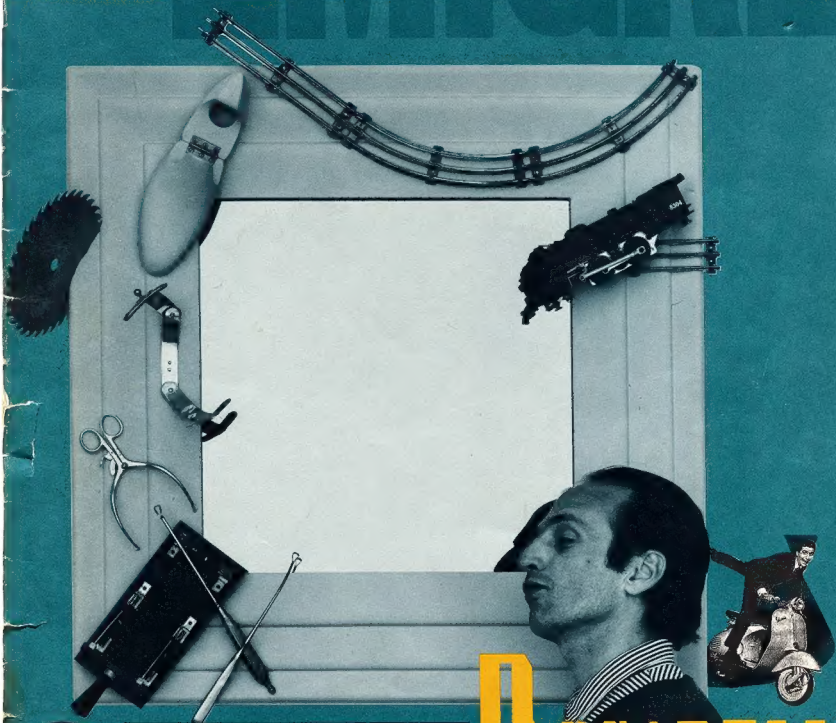


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ErManno Di Febbo

BASSARELLI

Pinocchio Furioso ROBERTO BARAZZUOL · DISEGNO GRAFICO

Cherries in the Afternoon 1916 I Spent the Summer in

SAN BERNARDINO 1916 PARIS

a view of life in Paris, France & Paris, Kentucky, 1983

EMIGRE

(em'ə grā)

THANK YOU

Richard Blair
California
Climate
DNR Lounge
Jim English
Extreme Exposure
Mark Terbin
Robert Tiller
Ivory
Modernism
Paradise Press
Right Angle Interiors
Lenny Schafer
Scott Williams

Gilbert Becaud on Vespa.

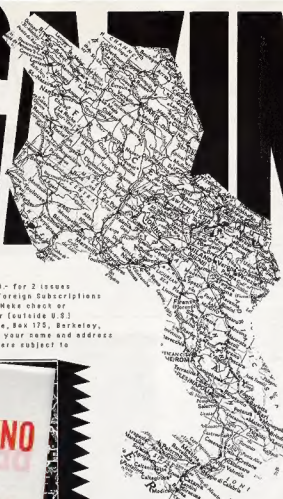
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by Mark Farbin

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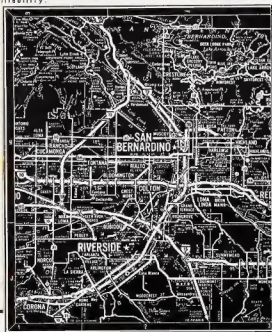
30. **1916** Illustrated story by Didier Cremieux

Francese

EMIGRE

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Ermanno Di Febo's EXTREME EXPO

Ermanno Di Febo is an Italian immigrant who lives and works in San Francisco. He is a fashion photographer who, with his wife Mary Podgurski organizes and produces slide and fashion shows under the name of Extreme Exposure. He works mostly in the south of Market club scene, but his credits include such events as the San Francisco Film Festival, the Sonoma Film Festival, the Black and White Ball, the O.D. Network Convention and many more. This interview took place in April 1986 in Ermanno's apartment on Sacramento Street.

So tell me about this photograph

This photograph was taken by my father. There is some analogy between me and him, but at a different scale. He moved from a little village west of Italy on the Adriatic Sea to Rome. This was a big step. It was the year before I was born, 1932. My parents were married in the place where they grew up. They moved because my father was in the army and was transferred. He used to say, very rhetorically now, that he wanted his kids to grow up close to Rome, Gullies, but it was never his decision.

I came to the States almost by accident. I didn't give up studying or anything. It took me one year to become the same kind of transferee as my parents. My father and mother speak between themselves in Italian dialect. It is different from the city where I grew up. It was like when John Lee was a little bit ahead of his parents. I felt a little bit the same because we were not from home.

You felt like a foreigner when you were in Rome?

Yes, and it was embarrassing, especially when my school friends came over to my house. My school friends were the problem, just as in John Lee's story. My father took this photograph in Rome. This was his Leonardo. (Shows a photo)

What were you doing with the suitcase?

Oh, it's choreography. My mother is a choreographer, yeah she likes to do this thing, make set ups. The little city my parents are from is called Tivoli, it's extremely small and the closest town in Rome, very close to Tivoli, it's very beautiful. The episode I saw very clearly then, and the suit is very low, so the feet don't grow too big. When you're on the hills, very close to the sea. Gives it a kind of a seaside sort of taste, there is emotion in there too. We lived there, it was our beach house and it's still there, our grandparents live there. My father is now retired and he lives there, too. He still has his house in Rome, goes back and forth. For me it's a second home. It's more home because it's smaller, more ancient. It's less home because I used to go there just for a couple months every summer.

Where did you go to school? You said you took computer classes?

Right, and this was a combination of moving from a little town to Rome and my father being involved in electronics. He kind of enrolled me in this school that offered a computer class. At that time, especially in Italy, the computer field was extremely small. I remember in high school when I took this computer class, it was 1972, and it was the only computer class in Italy. The other class was in London and we had to do a selection. There were only 50 people allowed in this course. My classroom was very physical for my age, because people were from all over Italy. I don't feel that at home because I wasn't the only guy from outside of Rome around.

So did you enjoy taking this computer class?

I didn't, I was too young. I was going through school relatively brilliantly and my father suggested I take the computer class, and I didn't really know very well what to do in those days. Looking back I would rather have been in art class because there were more girls. In a matter of fact, sometimes I failed about it with my mother. It was a big mistake. She used to say how I was frustrated with my work and I should not have done what father said to do.

But you worked in the computer business for quite a while?

Yeah, but one of the reasons I left behind was that I was really frustrated. I used to work in Rome, Milan, and Paris with computers. This was after I finished school. In all those three cities, I worked with computer engineers. And I would go out with my old friends who were totally different people. They were either in music or acting or prostitution. So I hung out with these very different people. It was like a total personality. My sister used to blame my father's choice.

Did you enjoy working with computers at all?

I did not.

It's not only that, it was also a little bit... steadily personal, it was an intriguing opportunity of power also, it was like being in your twenties, and having the computer for you all over the world. It gives you an extremely strong energy. And that was something that I was glad to have had because it now makes me extremely relaxed about success today.

One of the things I really enjoyed about computers was playing with their center side, in other words, most of the time when I was involved with computers it was to obtain a better performance for the computer owner's profit, and very

Spaghetti bondage

...e poi noi ci riconosciamo
(...and then we recognize each other)
e ci incontriamo vestiti di respiro
(and we meet each other wrapped in breath)
in viali di lieve fantasia
(in light fantasies boulevard)
senza avere il coraggio di toccarci.
(without the bravery to touch each other.)

solidarity research. For example, one of the things I like most in my word processor is the spelling program which corrects your words when you misspell them, although there is the limitation that the words may match another spelled word you don't have. You know palindromes, words you can read backwards and forward. With the computer, I found some incredible long palindromes, like this one:
(Shows me a palindrome or two.)

What made you stop doing this kind of work?

Just what was, and I'm joking again... a girl. Really I was ready for it, I was living a life that I wasn't appreciating any more. I felt that I was... I was in my late twenties, and I was falling apart because of my attitude, I was a little crazy. I was like self-destructing in a sense, it was like oh... I don't know... heavy metal in a certain way, or like many drugs. It was like being high and drunk because of success, and not really knowing what to do with it.



Ermanno Di Febo. Photograph by Guerino Di Febo, 1956

In girum imus nocte
et consumimur igni.

PARADISE PRESS

Lessons from the South,
a new artist's book by Susan E. King, co-published with
Nexus Press (Pride of the South), in Atlanta, Georgia.
Available in August, 1986. Accordion binding, offset
printed with corrugated plastic covers, \$75.

California Provokes Change. (transcend, transplant, transform), a poster sponsored by the Woman's Building Commissions Project. 3 color offset and letterpress. \$25.

Say, See, Bone, Lessons from French
with Jean Gabriel Adloff, printed on handmade paper,
copric binding. Ten lessons from French, with prose by
Susan King (in English) and poems by Jean Adloff (in
French). Copric binding. Hill, 1986, \$150.

I Spent the Summer in Paris

A view of life in Paris, France and Paris, Kentucky 1983. Paradise Press at visual Studies Workshop Press, Rochester, New York 1984. 9 3/16" x 12 7/16". Accordion with seven double folded pages. Images generated using a Haloid Xerox machine. Very limited supply. \$100.

Catalogue:

Two Accordion folded sheets with die-cut cover, essay by Betsy Davids, statement by the artist, and list of press books. \$1.

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Abstract

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Cherries
in the
Afternoon
Prose and
Photographs
by
Suzi Roberts
Italy, 1986



chair in one spot bar another. letting the wind do the lifting. she's "naïf" but not careless. to be voyaged. sand people. noise. the drizzling sun forced on her gladly. letting someone know how hot not to be a look but by a finger. little boy talking in to the beach trash can and his grandmother shouting everything to christo. walking out in the water the waves were slow. they did what waves did. they rode. all day to find the night and much later to dream it. safety has its breath on me. i was up before i could speak. kept distance until crossing it reaches you. fashion in fast. red verge. she unfolded some towels. turning close with words. when the eye moved what else went. so what you write. the adriatic counter. ovaling around blue the hemisphere was on its side showing off. full moon as we walked looking for piazza tripoli standing on the street so red it was low it was the sun it was granite strachilella. sitting on the bench waiting for the burning and the bath for the sigaretta. she thought of it and had time to look at the stars. she got to know them secretly. intimately while eating. after watching the salt which later became eye contact. someone cherries in water and vino laughing. enrico said vai. low how we both full crazy. eyes that carry cheeks. pink sweatshirt. underneath tight ear. needing to be understood and i was when the moon was red. when i took the straw and made the motion to blow ice cream. she calls them sweet shots. enrico's jacket. after chionella on borsa. he made the sign to die for. the beauties gone dark. wind misses softly. no fume. walking with other people you can lounge. so i flipped and we sat kicked wind now. next to wine bar and where the wind on saffrons. the sky was making a mistake. rented a bicycle where she could see travel waiting. what i see in the distance is a rash of blue. what i see in the distance isn't what i feel in the distance. picked out of spark. mangiare guito. do they offer their bodies the way they do sigaretas. he left the table dirty so people would know i hadn't been alone. smoking it down she still has an hour to go. garlando jade sandals.

he was sifts of powder gone lightly over. the day was open yet quiet this morning i called it closed maybe private, it let me in, it would let anyone in if they knew the way and his red bike didn't stand out because he didn't rev, collar out of sweater grip on bars, a bit of warmth settled on neck or was it yesterdays warmth. cowboy eyes.



something small being done. the pink villa. bringing the beach chair into the bar.



que fait. what are you drinking. yellow clouds, a pitcher of water for daniella, pernod. and ice. softer tongue relaxed over shells. 4 sections of water to boil, al dente. giving 3 little girls lipstick, lara, marzia and sonia.



sweet faces doing ciao. bougenvilla by the fire. all the borders see cactus. the grill. melensagne. salsiccia. earlier pizza. arrived 3 of us the silver bike. we make light and had a blanket.



when marco leaned to the left i fluctuated the right. off the bike, the night, her pensione family was harboring so you say buona sera and walk past and then after going upstairs you realize the bathroom light isn't working, no luce.



so you go down and the mama is behind the espresso and she ayayayays and 5 minutes later the light is on. a warm stretch in the tub. putting the melon on. putting the



melon on was giving herself away. the wind was beginning to hurt. when i got up from the chair once marco said i moved like an american. the blue truck could go off the road because he was the water.



we all take our

wind collecting. she's a marine girl and should be careful picking cherries.



yellow chairs on top of town. they tile their patios like swimming pools: they tile the roof. they tile something so you can see it. round corals took a swim. i look up thru the nose and there is the sun. her eyes invite themselves places. muscles out longing. i have a villa. when i stand up in the morning the world smells of calamari. so hot the sweat was in the pebbles. thought i couldn't move. got to the water and as i swam was cooled by the movements. luci, luci, putting lots of sugar in the espresso. sitting on the cove of the rocks lushing. the night fastens diamonds. once i had warm fish on toast. pulling the pieces from my eyes as i used to do for shag. the edges of eyes accumulating. tile is a cool place to breath. yesterday in the cove reckless. barely the stones slip you in, plunge. later in the fish bath black stones came out the size of a question. they float birthmarks over skin. given to fate. somebody asks if i want something and i do. cactus on the sky baby. on top of a boat all the way to capri. lived some pink rocks. nothing hesitates to be beautiful. more protective the smell. cement with a seat of green tile. blue until plunge. lizards everywhere. large pebbles moon size. on an island, leaving is hard. mozzarella pomodoro basilica grisini tornesi acqua della madonna. sprayed talk to rocks. really to ask questions and to see the grotto. capri sapphires glinting. white sand on the bottom and sun light underneath. the blue grotto. heads under. acqua, acqua. on the water sitting high up the hull, i was moving by rocks, pink grains. the longer i watched the more alive they became. looking should have an idea. the air continually cleans the rocks. these men she sees as iguanas, skinny to the water's edge. flitting stones it takes practice to walk on descending beauty. laps a bit of green or turquoise fills in. aqua, aqua, is now recommended to suffer the heat and be reduced. relaxing under a cover for her head. black flint, took the curves not the steps to get here. some of the stones are of places. some of the stones are of time. the moon steps further. gathering the stones you threw off your body when you were wet. plagued.

walked into exposition so smooth. music you can't put a finger on. no statement. gloves in mouth. it's all below. white drapes. it's where you live below. and, there are the places you make. it's that on your breath. it's a question i can hope i don't always know when i've seen things twice. when the air has taken a break off what drives us. motion is accelerating side to side. i've been shopping again. black leather. yellow bows. the body into tangles, a serious boy over. racing. spinach ravioli in agognola sauce outdoors in a place picked by sight earlier. insalata di ricotta. how do you stop motion. i walk slower. revolving in a very old city. playing with motion the motion was all i was. went into statues. hereafter for things that happened. trying to sit in a familiar place and see it protected. sitting still has it moving. posture has always struggled me when i have to behave. races from calabria. ridiculous dizziness. had to get indoors quickly because her mouth as in how she put it after having to lower her eyes. this out of balance needs a cruser and i'm feeling tender in these cherries in water. but tonight a form talks. when i was out the talking was plenty. albergo fienese. is my arancio coming tonight. finis. meantime passing. my best sleep was right after he left and the best light in the whole world is at 4:30 in the morning. it's a blue not everyone sees or hears. when milk boils milk. and makes some. on my side feeling the moon doing a sling shot. after the saw stopped smothering their worship the sun took place in the blue and tried to make evening. it must be 4:30 in the morning again. couldn't sleep the time to walk only our soul in red reading the newspaper. he pointed my direction and some water from the hotel bay. i really came back to see the light from my castle. zingonnes vorking i had to come back to something i had. things will float. i should lie for the blue as i know it's coming. soon. it was clapping. was horses. it was the blue light attending her. she kept opening her eyes. didn't want to drift off. serene and grabs against the shoulder. it brings the sweetest sleep. i was taking the sky changing. what wasn't obvious became defined. so fragile it had eluded and evolved and centered red and enveloped until the next uncovering. when night has you guessing. asleep in the crest. she went looking for the banks of the arno and went pink leather shopping. piazza delimiti is across from me. i left someone here night because i was too filled. couldn't give my more and didn't want to receive. i didn't belong to receiving.





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I Spent the Summer in

PARIS

a view of life in Paris, France & Paris, Kentucky, 1983

All young people wish to try the world and
to find out adventures, but the young of Ken-
tucky do not seem to look upon their region
as a place from which to escape. A pride in

the place where they were born stays with
And so life in Paris began
them when they go, if they must go, and
and as all roads lead to Paris,
often they return. Kentucky has form and
all of us are now there,
design and outline both as time and space, in
and I can begin
history and geography. Perhaps the strongly
to tell what happened
marked natural bounds which make it a
when I was of it

country within itself are the real cause which
CERTIFICATE STEIN. The Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas
give it history and a pride in something

which might be named personality

E. J. JARVIS MADON BLAIRS



As a child he moved all over the country, and so acquired,

During the endless summer of childhood

prologue



is an artist's book by Los Angeles artist and writer Susan
E. King who produces books as works of art at Paradise
Press (P.O. Box 5306, Santa Monica, CA 90405). This
book is part of series entitled *When Two Worlds Collide*,
concerning the reality and memory of life in different
parts of the world. It was produced in a limited edition
of 150 copies with offset, and letterpress printing, early
xerox technology, and hand bookbinding.

life still founded by the school year so

art



at an early age, the ability to adjust to each new place, and

I spent the entire third grade drawing girls
By the time I reached Paris everyone was wear-
 in strapless evening gowns. The boys were
ing about the latest exhibit and the last was
 drawing battleships with anti-aircraft guns
half way around the block. The world had
 aimed high in the sky, shooting down planes
discovered Monet and my worst fears were
 at the edge of the paper. In high school I
confirmed when I found myself among a
 took Art I and made a painting of a girl
strong of art lovers, based with Monet, based
 standing on a balcony in a european type vil-
with most of the art I was seeing, I noted
 lage. I started looking for photos in
through the gallery of early paintings and
 magazines to paint from and found myself
groped the painting of Berthe Morisot on
 drawn to foreign life. I was learning about
the balcony. These escaped through the gift
 art. My art teacher polished her fingernails
shop where hundreds of tiny Monets waited
 and we spent a week making candy cups for
to be purchased, just the guards herring at
 the crippled children's hospital. My mother
from the regular exhibit which our room
 told me about Toulouse Laurec and I read
frances, and walked desperately out into the
 about café society in Paris. My art teacher
beautiful morning light. I should have done
 became engaged and announced she was
that at seventeen, I thought before I became
 quitting her job. I looked at Gauguin's paint-
to paint
 ing in the Cincinnati Art Museum. At least we
 didn't have to make party favors any more.

that every year there was this idea



and every one on the block by night



learn its systems quickly. He left little to happenstance,

attitudes

The only hard bread you can get in Kentucky
Our inclination to French life was gauged by
 is a package of beaten biscuits to eat with
our daily success at the breakfast. At first
 country ham. And it is more of a rarity these
we were tentative, obvious ambivalence, our
 days than ever: a sort of symbol of the past
knowing which of the city houses leaning on
 glories of life in the South, something to be
the tall necks to choose. But finally we estab-
 savored with mint juleps in your family's
lived a nation, and in the late afternoon
 mint julep cups on Derby Day. All the rest
we'd with dinner Rue Rambouillet and stop in
 of the bread is soft. The corn sticks, the
moors of the shops to buy bits of dinner
 spoonbread, country biscuits, fried mush,
calamari salad, stuffed grape leaves, a bottle
 store bought white bread goes with soft talk
of wine. Our choice of bread for the day was
 ing, with manners, with the tempo of south-
a question of great domestic debate. Our
 ern life. You'll have to go over the state line
quality of life in Europe symbolized by
 to find anything more aggressive.
simple exchange

that each life could change significantly

In the fifth grade our teacher told us how

*The streets of Paris vibrated life. When we
rude it was to eat in public, on the streets. It
just couldn't manage to walk any farther, we
showed a lack of proper upbringing. No one
reared in cities on the edge of the Seine I sat
at the Paris Dairy Queen knew this. There
and watched the light of the late afternoon
was always an abundance of double dipped*

*It's all you need to notice to know about art
cones and corn dogs in evidence when we
at the end of the century. We saw everything
drove by. Pat used the habits of the Dairy*

*Queen to illustrate her points about the ef-
fects of years of inbreeding on intelligence in
fresh flowers. and looked instead for isentral
central Kentucky But that didn't stop us
pastards of Sunday passers in Manhattan
from ordering hot fudge sundaes for our-*

*It took us a week to figure out that the Pons
selves. Nor did it stop the row of tobacco
pudus hadn't been closed by student protest
chewing farmers in overalls from gathering
but by visitors*

*in front of the county courthouse and com-
menting on the world from their favorite
vantage point*

*menting on the world from their favorite
vantage point*

*menting on the world from their favorite
vantage point*

*menting on the world from their favorite
vantage point*

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vantage point*

*menting on the world from their favorite
vantage point*

*menting on the world from their favorite
vantage point*

*menting on the world from their favorite
vantage point*



read history in advance of his arrival, and came prepared with



civilization



The trip to the river was a journey into the

*Francy said I'd find the perfect school. And we
psyche of the place. We always seemed to be
did, at the neighborhood restaurant, as far as
driving there on warm spring evenings, just
we could wonder that second night in Paris
as it promised to get cool. After miles of*

*Purple dusk on the green and red lettuce
twisting roads through the forest primeval
leaves, scented with walnuts and strawberry
we came to two choices. Either the uptown
singer. Only minutes before we'd been had
restaurant, looking presentable enough for
died on the sidewalk in front of the restaurant
our mothers not to be worried, or the dove,
windm. Menu-Master in hand, trying to
the roadhouse, which burned to the ground
decipher the menu that just couldn't
be translated.*

*decipher the menu that just couldn't
be translated.*

*decipher the menu that just couldn't
be translated.*

*decipher the menu that just couldn't
be translated.*

*decipher the menu that just couldn't
be translated.*

*decipher the menu that just couldn't
be translated.*

*decipher the menu that just couldn't
be translated.*

*decipher the menu that just couldn't
be translated.*



an envelope of the right currency. He made sure they had tickets



At night it got so dark the only thing



social order

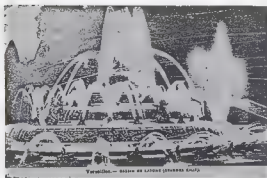


in advance of every event, and that they arrived at the day's

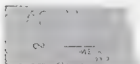


As a child, my mother had been forbidden
but even in Kentucky spent their days work
 to see certain movies. She went anyway. In
ing. Always busy doing something. Mostly in
 the mid 1950's, my grandmother criticized
the kitchen making an endless array of pies,
 my mother for taking us to see *Gigi*. It was
cakes, pastries. First dresses rolled up
 the only time I saw them disagree. After we
covered with flour each apron. Working. At
 saw the movie. I thought my grandmother
only. Not sitting on the Champs Elysees in
 could only be upset by the scene with a girl
some sweet cake, drinking cognac, having
 singing in a bathtub. I was shocked to learn
with conversations. French ones, no matter
 years later how upset she'd been about
how old, covered by black crepe sleeves, on the
 the *Gigi*'s dilemma: whether to lead a wild and
flattering french fashion. Never out of style
 exciting life as Louis Jourdan's mistress, to
 wear elegant dresses, and drink champagne
 every night at Maxim's. Or a more proper,
 decent calling. Either motherhood or
 spinsterhood. At age nine, I was too dazzled
 by early Technicolor and the big screen. I
 hadn't gotten that part.

possible to try a new life in a new place



attraction revved, and well fed, and able to enjoy a



Kentucky is always the same, somehow. I
It was Michael's idea to go to Paris in the first
 moved to Susan's farm in Paris after a few
place. He was very organized about the whole
 days in town. Once there we did the usual
thing as he always is. He studied French all
 things: have breakfast late, plan a house
winter in anticipation and fretted over what
 party, and talk about the crops and garden
we would do in the evenings since he knew
 that year. The day I went looking for old
we couldn't go to the french theater and on
 photographs at the Bourbon County Li-
derstand anything. I barely made it out the
 brary, it was so hot all we could do was rush
door with my rubber: packed and dirty,
 home and make cool drinks. It gets that way,
worry at all about what we would do. I hadn't
 sometimes. Susan says lots of times and has
crushed French since high school in Kentucky
 theories about the weather's affect on ev-
I proposed by writing a grant to make a book
 anyone there. I always agree although I've
about Paris and hoped for the best on all
 usually forgotten. So this is an attempt at
events. In Paris I caught on my sleep, spent
 remembering. Remembering everything,
hours taking photos of interesting car buildings,
 and making it into a book in yet another
and enjoyed the new
 peculiar place, Rochester New York, during
 May of 1984, at Visual Studies Workshop

to be a new life in a familiar place.



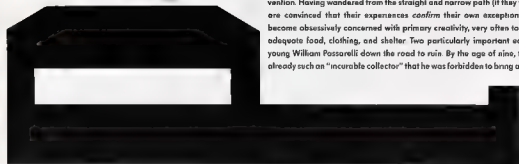


The Successor to Cornell: The Art of William PASSARELLI

Jeffrey Browning

Of necessity every one of us is responsible for creating our own unique world, from childhood onward. History and cultural anthropology tell us that the possibilities are virtually unlimited. Unhappily psychology demonstrates that the personality is shaped by repression and that increasingly with age and experience most people act more and more conventionally. Indeed many people derive their entire sense of self and security from dressing, talking, working, living, and especially consuming as much like their friends as possible. Even their criterion for friendship is conformity. Small wonder that conflicts of sex, class, race, and nationality result from an inflexible, defensive, and frightened sense of self.

Artists, however, emerge from the gauntlet of societal repression incorrigibly unrehabilitated. Merely to propose the infinitely rich potential of (unconventional) experience is considered iconoclastic at least, if not actually anarchistic. New experience is of course won at the expense of convention. Having wandered from the straight and narrow path (if they were ever on it at all), artists are convinced that their experiences confirm their own exceptional individuality. Hence they become obsessively concerned with primary creativity, very often to the exclusion of all else but adequate food, clothing, and shelter. Two particularly important early experiences started the young William Passarelli down the road to ruin. By the age of nine, the artist has stated, he was already such an "incurable collector" that he was forbidden to bring anything more into the house.



Jeffrey Browning: William, tell us about your Italian immigrant grandfather's junkyard at home in New York.

William Passarelli: He had immigrated to Manhattan around the turn of

the century and set up as a junk dealer on the lower East

Side: Business was good but the family decided to move out of Manhattan when a drought or war was run over by a horse and carriage. The move to Westchester County was prompted by the time I came along the "Port Chester Vase Material Company" in the Italian community of Port Chester, sets large and successful. As was expected of the oldest male grandchild by the age of seven or eight I was "working" at the junkyard, sorting every imaginable material to be labeled by type. There were separate rooms for paper, wood, cast iron, metal, and cloth. None it's called "recycling." I spent a lot of time losing it in magazines. I could keep anything I wanted and filled boxes full of stuff to take home. It got out of hand very quickly.

JP: Your uncle's house also seems to have made an indelible impression.

WP: My uncle lived on Franklin and was known as "Sammy, the Stick." Rumor had it that Sammy could get anything legal or otherwise, and you weren't supposed to ask how he got it. I grew up in suburban Rye in a cool, well-run, bourgeois environment with respect to art. I saw American art and anything ethnic had been reduced to a minor role. There was some embarrassment as to the source of grandfathers' wealth, and it was impolite to talk about the junk or Sammy. So it was as an outsider that I lost some of my house.

Vietnam all activity in the house occurred in the basement, which was entered directly from the doorway. As I grew up to the bathroom. I was directed upstairs to the first floor. It is no exaggeration to say that what I found there was another world. Sammy was very sleazy and his taste was so bad that to call a "gauche" or "nouveau riche" would be too complimentary. Dress or glass, or even the best of it might have been called knock. But that isn't what was so astonishing. Everywhere I looked everything, everything, everything was covered in clear plastic vinyl. The toaster, the microwave, chairs, floorlamps, everything was covered in custom made vinyl covers. There were even clear vinyl covers on top of the refrigerator. It was surreal heaven.

Indulge I thought that the upstairs was only used on special occasions. But later when their daughter's wedding reception was held in the basement, I realized that nothing upstairs was ever used. Never.

JP: At your grandfather's funeral were you as fascinated by objects as much as by magazines, while presumably you were attracted to the world of art and art?

WP: I virtually had no conception of art at that age and even though the polyhedron was a veritable supercontinent of art, it was not in the world of art. I was very much interested in books and magazines, especially hardcover magazines such as *Condé Nast*. For the most part I collected postcards.

JP: After that were you when you saw the 1961 *New York Museum of Modern Art "Abstracted" exhibition* and what impression did it make on you?

WP: I was a junior in high school and the exhibition had a tremendous effect upon me. I had never really been interested in conversation, drawing and painting, and with this exhibition I realized the virtue of ordinary objects and the possibility of making art without engaging in traditional models. I was extremely fortunate with my first significant exposure to art when as a sophomore in high school I was asked not to take an art class. My teacher was Mabel D'Amore, whose husband was the head of art education at the Museum of Modern Art. Her attitudes were very progressive. In fact her own work was very unconventional, being made from glass she found on the beach. I got a crash course in art in that class, that first year. This with my first major exposure to art became familiar with progress in contemporary art as well as had immediate access to the Museum of Modern Art. Following, he did my down of art education as a sophomore in the year before, I was good for maximum impact with the *Abstracted* exhibition. It was like a big green "go" sign. From then on I just wanted to make things. I had a studio in the basement of my house and was actively making art. Anything that I got would send down with them to end up in a collage, or an assemblage. By then I had been in the Museum of Modern Art so many times that I had memorized the upside of each room and was comfortably interested in modern art.

JP: Would you first think that you would be an artist?

WP: The turning point was when I was about sixteen and someone brought me a box full of art books from my father that had turned up at the junkyard. All of the important early 20th-century artists, catalogues were there as well as two original Bauhaus publications. I identify

remember *Leistung*. Art: *Die Kunst der Moderne*, as well as monographs on Arthur Dove and Walter Evans. There were more than fifty books in the collection and I pored through them constantly. With the exception of the Bauhaus books which I later sold, I still have all of them.

JP: Moving on to school, what did you study at Pratt?

WP: Pratt! Well, actually I decided to go to Pratt because it had the most Bauhausian foundations course. I had an outstanding drawing teacher that first year, Gabriel Lohman. With reference to anatomy or academic structure he would say things like "Once you get it, forget it." "which made perfectly good sense to me. As a sophomore I sat in on Richard Lindner's advanced printing classes. I didn't enroll as a junior although I continued to sit in on some classes junior and seniors primarily painted and I didn't want to do that. And anyway I had pretty much gotten most of what Pratt had to offer. By then, too, much of my education was a direct consequence of life in Manhattan. Artists were being treated as personalities and you could count on running into anybody who was anybody at Arthur's (New York's first discotheque), a concert at at Warhol's Factory.

JP: After leaving school you worked in New York's largest retail toy business, and a very personal attitude toward clothing would have strongly affected your work as an artist. How would you characterize this period of your life?

WP: 1965, '67, and '68 were by far the largest continuation of my infatuation with New York pop culture. As a child my parents never took me to Manhattan and from about the age of thirteen and fourteen I would help a team and sneak into the city without my parents' knowledge. I had heard such glib talk about the subway that I was afraid to ride it, so if I had decided to go to Washington Square, I would all the way downtown from Grand Central Station. On one such trip at age fourteen I met and became friends with Diane Arbus. I remember thinking that art didn't necessarily have to be painting or sculpture. While at Pratt I was learning at least as much from living in New York as I was from going to school. By my junior year, when I was no longer enrolled, you might say I shifted my major to life in New York. Two things happened at once at exactly the time. The emphasis upon youth was blown completely out of proportion and there was an explosion of interest in contemporary art. In the case of a number of young artists, these two phenomena overlapped. Artists became celebrities. As is well known, at that time Mecca was the back room at Max's, where you could meet and talk to the entire contemporary avant-garde. I'm sure that at one point I went there every night for eight or nine months.

I worked at one of the best boutiques in Manhattan, "Spide's", and my reputation was that I knew "what" was good. I dressed people. There was a tremendous emphasis placed upon looking good and fashion editors were so afraid to death that they would miss something important or find out too late. The situation was more than a little absurd. Certain people, myself included, simply dictated what was hip. Occasionally for my own amusement I would make something up. I'd be in the store and pass it on to Mr. Avondale or another editor at a party or over the phone. Almost invariably without, bailing their false eyelashes they would agree with me. I'd be the latest fashion magazine was fully documented in the most issue of *Vogue* or *Elle*, or *Elle*, or *Elle*. I'd be the latest fashion magazine was completely ephemeral and transient. I was more interested in people than in fashion, clothing as a medium of expression than a fashion per se. A person could spend a fortune on fashionable clothes and still not have style.

JP: A lot of your work involves criticism of clothing. To clarify your meaning and to prevent any ambiguity, what fashion, or what clothing, are the difference between fashion and personal style?

WP: Fashion trends are ephemeral, but clothing remains as evidence. Evidence of personality. Evidence of a life. Even a devil, who is certainly not fashionable, has a personal style. Clothing is a kind of historical record which conveys a great deal of information. Information about age, class, life style, social attitudes, personal identity, etc., whether or not the attitude of clothing is fashionable. The most fashionable almost requires quietude because one might wonder, fashionable to whom? Every class, race, age group, etc., has a different and conflicting sense of fashion. If they care at all, so in the end it is unimportant. What is important is an individual's sense of personal style, their identity.

JP: Your work, then, is about identity and the personal values of the people whose clothing and other possessions you use in your art.

WP: Yes, through my intervention. Without my involvement it is not merely to display. The conception, the editing, the making of a piece is no more but I take care not to make the object



IRONING BOARD PIECE, 1974

JP: It was at this time that you met Hannah Wilke. How important was your friendship with Hannah and, through her, your early exposure to the work of Claes Oldenburg?

WP: Hannah Wilke was incredibly important. She is undoubtedly one of New York's leading art teachers. Amazingly, when I met her she was teaching high school. What Hannah, by her very nature, allowed me to do was to make art. But it is personal. Her art is both political and highly personal. There was no separation between her life and her art. Her life flowed seamlessly into her art. Her life was her art. There were virtually no perceptible limitations. Art is no less than a very real life for Hannah. Certainly no less necessary than food or breathing, and a lot more important to her personally. All her art and her life were one. She lived upon her art. Everything else was secondary.

Along with Hannah, Claes Oldenburg, whom she was seeing at the time, was of major importance as a role model. I loved the man and I loved his work. Oldenburg's line of objects validated my own interest in objects. Seeing his work progress from early drawings through all stages of production to installation in galleries and museums was a profound influence.

JP: Was the "Ironing Board" piece (1974) your first sculpture in any kind of way, and did you make a conscious connection with your own life?

WP: Yes, that was my first sculpture using vinyl but I had already used vinyl on earlier pieces. My first use of vinyl was a randomly composed wall piece of mail I had been keeping. I then went on a week-long binge sewing everything into vinyl. The continuity being that everything I used was my own personal possession. Ever since I was a child I had collected things and, although, I had a personal connection to everything I owned I felt burdened by it all. *Ironing Board* was very liberating because it was a kind of resolution of my obsession with collecting. Nothing was too precious, and it was better to get rid of something by incorporating it into a piece. Possessions exercise considerable power, as their owners and in this way I was able to make my own statement, rid myself of the burden of possessions, and move on to other things.

In answer to the second question, no. I didn't consciously think of my uncle's house until some time later when I began dating families.

JP: You were working at the time too and three dimensions still interested you.

WP: Yes. The work was very much a reaction to what I was doing painting or sculpture. I was interested in the still of my life. After having been involved in the clothes I was able to create my own form of resistance. Now I could not get even my favorite clothes. In this period of my clothing was going into the pieces. I would have known anyone anyone.

JP: Was it at this time that you began to make your other pieces using your father's dress?

WP: Yes, through my intervention. Without my involvement it is not merely to display. The conception, the editing, the making of a piece is no more but I take care not to make the object

William Pennell
photographed by
Mark Rubin
San Francisco, 1986



THOUGH HE WAS PREOCCUPIED HE CONTINUED TO DANCE, 1966, 4 x 5

WP: Yes, all of these observations and directions were happening together. Not having binders which would prevent me from doing anything but painting or sculpture I was free to do furniture or anything else. The mood of contemporary art was very much away from painting and toward the objecthood of sculpture. My own personal impulses have always been away from traditional media and against conventional aesthetic attitudes. With the first chair I decided that art should be utilitarian and I remember going through my house looking at every plane and surface as a potential site for art. I was particularly interested in areas

that had not previously been used for art. Shower curtains for example.

JB: Conceptually, there is a connection here with Rauschenberg's "Bed," although nothing you've done looks anything like it. Obviously Rauschenberg was making art out of his life and every day begins in bed. Was Rauschenberg a conscious influence on your work and were you particularly interested in making art out of mundane experience?

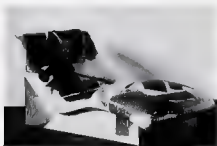
WP: No, Rauschenberg was not an influence. In fact I've always thought of Rauschenberg as "art damaged," meaning anyone who projects their conception of art onto the

world without being changed by the world in the process. Instead of expanding openly out into the world Rauschenberg reduced the world to art.

Rather than being specifically or exclusively interested in mundane experience, I would say I am primarily interested in new and unexplored areas of experience, including ordinary experience.

JB: Rauschenberg's method of extending the boundaries of art was by incorporating an object such as a bed or even a stuffed cat into an artwork which he forces the viewer to read as art by pointing over the essential form. To a lesser extent Ravi Scharfstein did this before Rauschenberg and subsequently many other artists have used this method. Surprisingly you were able to do this with out using paint, although you retain a number of painterly elements such as color, pattern, texture, graphic quality, and above all, gesture. In the absence of paint is the vinyl intended to function like a stretched canvas to emphasize the presentation and highlight the perception of the work as art?

WP: Rauschenberg may have extended the physical boundaries of art but he did not extend the conceptual boundaries of art. Like Schwitters, Rauschenberg is a formalist. Instead of expanding their conception of art, they reduced the world to more formal elements of their art. That art is what I mean by "art damaged." Where they reduce an object to an empty form to be casually painted over thus violating the object without ever questioning their cavalier use of it, my art undergoes a continuous transformation due to a considerable extent by the object itself. Rather than adapt the object to my art, I adapt my art to the object. It is very easy to incorporate an object. It is much more



LOUNGE CHAIR 1973

difficult to realize its mystery. By manipulating an object you demystify it and I would never do that!

The purpose of the vinyl is to heighten the perception of the work as art but I think of it more as we putting glass over a drawing.

WP: Your independence of conventional painting media allows the immediacy of your objects which you are not required to translate into paint and the absence of the daily fuss of stretched canvas makes the gesture of the fabric clothing undisturbed. I'm tempted to laugh out loud when I think that your vinyl pieces could be in any way related to Abstract Expressionism, but it is representative true. You share an emphasis upon the discreet and frozen gesture and, with tongue in cheek, a number of your works are curiously active passages. The biggest difference is that the everyday experience of addressing is shared by every one who sees your work, which is at the opposite end of the spectrum from the exalted heights of Pollock, Kline, and de Kooning. Is it the line and angular quality of vinyl, which as obviously adds an historical association, that especially appeals to you?

WP: I would argue with the term "line" because to a considerable extent much of the best of twentieth century art involves a demystification of the archaic notion of "line art." But yes, the absence of precedent in the use of vinyl adds to its impact, that's what makes it right. Even when I am not explicitly attacking clichéd attitudes about art I still favor anti-traditional forms. One of the most attractive things about vinyl is the ironic and implied criticism of packaging in contemporary art. No one admits it but all the stars are packaged, and every deal is a packaged deal. At the very least we might as well all laugh at ourselves.

WP: An intriguing contradiction in a 1982 *Dallas* interview points to your obsession with gesture. You said you love the unconscious patterns created when a person undresses and casually tosses a garment onto the floor or across a chair or bed. Later you said you spend hours dressing and addressing to see how each thing fits. You're being funny, aren't you? Casual? You and Dyes Thomas?

WP: It is doubtful that in art anything is ever really casual. It is the look, or the suggestion of a vigorous gesture that is sought, not necessarily the reality. The effect is arrived at consciously and, ironically, as in the case of point-drops, a genuine accident might be less convincing than a contrived one. Generally I am seeking the optimum visual result, not a true record of incidental fact. Art is artifice. The hardest thing with the clothing pieces is to make the work look as an unconscious act. That's driving, and draw my hand.

WP: Have any more similar experiments with chance but with less emphasis upon gesture and, of course, less with clothing. Duchamp's experiments with chance were rigorously intellectual. In the context it is ironic that you very carefully select each article of clothing for its peculiarly arbitrary, or anticipating the "accidental" shape or bulk of a striped short sleeve or a grid-patterned pajama bottom.

WP: Very often with the early clothing pieces I was working with modular elements: Socks, t-shirts, bow ties, and little girls' dresses were all chosen for their visual properties and with a strong idea of what the work could eventually look like.

WP: The chance choice of discarded clothing might suggest a very limited vocabulary. In fact, your work is a vigorous range of patterns, colors, designs, words, and suggestions. Your pattern comes from stripes and grids to floral, and your color extends from the hellfire of Pop and the sensuousness of Matisse to a subdued and nuanced classical. Beyond the formal qualities of your work the mystery is particularly suggestive. What is your feeling about the relative experience in your work of ironic and suggestive qualities?

WP: That's very simple. The object or article of clothing should dictate the form and should only be realized by the work and never violated by it. Formal considerations are only means, not ends. When ends become formal, the form is empty.

WP: One of the most powerful suggestions implicit in all of your work is the absence of the person to whom the clothing or other personal objects were belonged. Especially the work involves, during a highly figurative, face-absence, this?

WP: Again, all of these things are a matter of degree. Man is the animal who invented history. Is it any exaggeration to say that a person is what they leave behind?

WP: Does the meaning of an article of clothing or a personal effect depend on its place in the mind of a person, or even?

WP: All values are, ultimately, humanistic values and hence, essentially emotional values. Objects, especially personal objects, carry a lot of information about their makers or owners, but hopefully the new work demonstrates that objects have a life of their own.

WP: There are considerable parallels in your work with sociology and cultural anthropology. Do you have a sense of gathering as much information about people you as never meet who are perhaps dead and whose only remaining traces of existence are their former

BOYS T-SHIRT SHOOLS, 1979

possessions which you are asking us to look at and consider a little more closely, not merely as throwaways, discarded, and just, but as, in fact, important things possibly even vitally important?

WP: Extremely important. In science there is a concern for neutrality on the part of the observer in the interest of objectivity. In art we know that we can never be neutral and that the very concept of objectivity is pure fiction. I am in fact pursuing subjectivity for the mystery that it veils. My focus is upon the objects themselves; however, and not their former owners. I have so far deliberately avoided using clothing or objects belonging to known persons. A work, for example, incorporating a dress belonging to Billie Holiday would be compromised by nostalgia. Any other meaning would almost be impossible. I hate nostalgia. It's so mindless.

The true source of meaning is inherent in the object. The power of objects can hardly be overestimated. It is much more true to say that objects possess people than vice versa. The idea of possession is an illusion. No one truly possesses anything. But objects do have power and it is this power in objects that I am trying to realize. Do you know how vast that can be?

WP: The little girls and boys and men and women whose absence is so tangible in your work suggest grieving, or, getting rid of by their absence, dying. To what extent is your work about loss, separation, and death? (Two questions was asked first thing one morning as we entered the interior and immediately brought a big laugh and a comment "Heavy duty" from Passarello, whose impulse was to raise in the opposite direction.)

WP: Loss is vital. Loss is rejuvenating. Loss is healthy. Loss promotes change. One evolves through loss. Loss is essential, even desirable. My work is far more about life than about death. These objects are what remain of the life of their owners and more importantly, these objects have a life of their own. Objects do not die. These objects function symbolically and do not refer to specific individuals.

WP: Generally your work is playful and I don't think of it as sinister at all. Perhaps that is because your work seems to celebrate the lives of these people by giving us insight into their personal values and identities. And of course all of us have our own personal world populated by similar clothing and objects. Is it because you are inspired by these objects that your work is inspiring to look at?

WP: Joy and inspiration are difficult areas, particularly in the late twentieth century. Boredom, sarcasm, "angst," and even cynicism are more characteristic of the bulk of contemporary art. Joseph Cornell and Georgia O'Keefe indicate

that it is possible but they are extraordinarily difficult to follow. In the 1950s we are embarrassed by spirituality. We're too cool for our own god damn good. We aren't nearly as sophisticated as we like to think we are. We vince at sincerity and think the source must have been from yesterday. Well, I don't think we're as tough as we are. I've got a heart. It's beating.

But because of our embarrassment, it is more difficult to be joyful, to be inspired, to be sincere, to be spiritual. When it doesn't work it isn't just bad, it's terrible! But it to work it has to be so. Anything, personal is difficult. Humor can make seriousness accessible. Too often irony and sarcasm are put-downs. That's too easy. Humor can allow for the personal, comedy is more difficult than tragedy.

WP: Is your work inherently about change because everything changes, leaving only the things that you incorporate into your work?

WP: Yes.

WP: Is your work simply the most graphic form of change?

WP: For me change involves a change of tense. Present is overcast is frozen into past tense.



BOXER SHORTS, 1979



SPORTS PIECE, 1979

MANHATTAN

JB: The intent "accommodation" occurs in your interests, around me of the French sculptor Arman. His work tends to be much less personal than yours and is often specifically industrial. As different as your work is, was Arman an influence?

WP: I've seen his work but it didn't interest me enough to learn more about him. He seems to be interested in quantity and, to some extent, characteristically he violates the object heavily—as with his cut-up musical instruments. He hits you over the head I don't like his stuff at all. I'm self, he's hard.

JB: Your "Fall Clothing" (1987) is a piece which uses six of the clothing you wore at that time and again underlines how personal your art is.

WP: The "Fall" in the title is a play on words. The reference is to falling, fall colors, the fashion season, and to my general work. Like all of my early work using clothing, they were all my clothes. By using the things you gave me the most you are liberated by their loss. The more you gave me the more you get back. Very often you can only move forward by letting go. If you can't let go you're stuck.

JB: Do you feel that now that is left of your life from fall, 1987 apart from friends, is that piece and any other art works which you made at that time, which you no longer possess?

WP: Of course not. Less is liberating and is not so much tragic as I'm a maker of transformation. It isn't loss in the sense of suffering, but as a process of survival. One survives. I had to work through those things. They were a way to knowledge. The value of loss is devaluation. So is to give your life not so different from the lives of other people whose identities are only known by the things they leave behind?

WP: There is a complete and fundamental difference. Most people suffer loss in the conventional, tragic sense. But someone who is conscious of the importance of loss, who learns from his experience, transcends the loss and in doing so achieves liberating growth. In addition to my approach to loss, I differ radically from most people in my deliberate opposition to conventional values. I am conducting a reversal of values by denying conventional material values. I'm proposing a new material, value, a poetic value. Habit, convention, labels, monetary values are all completely false and prevent us from realizing the much greater truths of poetic value.

JB: Your own identities, sensitivity, and insight into these objects is so strong and intimate and personal that I wonder if the line between your own identity and these objects people buy, particularly because you have the benefits of the things in which their identities are revealed? Regarding the things they see themselves, like an actor, before a little boy or girl or an old man or a goddess giving someone?

WP: I believe that all men are partly little boys and that all women are partly little girls and that through experience we achieve some insight into the opposite sex, and further that comparing our own worlds singly, each of us carries a lot of that with us. But be careful not to exaggerate the importance of identity at the expense of the nature of the object. The important thing is direct communication with the object.

JB: With the gesture of the clothing pieces deriving from the act of unfastening it is not surprising that a recurring theme throughout your work is criticism. Along with the clothing pieces, your shower curtains and furniture also contain labels. The next explicitly criticizes how you've done the only shower curtain with a girl of female portraits. It was a hole there to combine the wonderful illustrated covers into a furniture, clear vinyl shower

curtains. Did the image itself suggest the idea of doing shower curtains?

WP: I first discovered shower curtains on the day that I went through my house looking at plants and surfaces not consciously used for art. It was inevitable. I liked everything about shower curtains. They are simple and rectangular but aren't hung on the wall, they are utilitarian and had no previous art associations. The first one was with pencils and these are two with paperback books. The theme in my mind was white women, tits and ass in general, and getting women wet.

JB: And the hot and suggestive shower curtains?

WP: Those cars are the epitome of folk art in America. They are sculpture in the purest form. By bringing them into a gallery, I was creating recognition of them as art. I respect them as equal to the best "fine art" sculpture.

JB: What was the intention behind the record album shower curtain?

WP: They are all heads of black men with processed hair and big lips and the intention was to juxtapose them in an exhibition with the cars and the white women—the white male taboo. A statement about American pop culture.

JB: Each of the more than 200 little girl's dresses were personally made for you. To the visual gallery of the casually draped general you have added the physical gesture of little girls into the life of these dresses. These pieces suggest that you are interested in innocence and naivety and point out that your sexual identity begins in childhood, and that sexuality can be innocent.

WP: At its best it's innocent. When it's good it's innocent. This is of course the ultimate defiance of a little girl. After I had done these pieces a girlfriend brought me a childhood photo of herself with her dress raised over her head.

JB: Developing the theme of female sexuality, red, blue, and black pants and ties and silk and satin nightgowns are suggestive of a private, intimate world of personal elegance. Women have very self that men come to use their half of their intelligence and in the presence of a lingerie-clad female and they take advantage of the fact. William, I know that you consider women to be privileged beings and are especially fascinated by them. Who are your female models and why?

WP: In answer to the "who" there could never be a real enough. As for the "why" I would say all of the things that make them different from men.

JB: Contrasting distinctly with women's underwear pieces are the shirts revealing men's shirts, shorts, pajamas, and boxer shorts. These items are a world of difference between shirts and clothing, shorts and boxers, and boxer shorts and pants. Whereas the women's pieces are definitely sexy, for me the men's pieces seem somewhat boring.

WP: There's a humor in the work but my motivation was to show the only things about men that are allowed to be self. Ordinarily anything about a man that is soft must not be revealed, must remain hidden. I want men have to hide and women don't that makes women so much more interesting.

JB: The little boys' shirts and boxers are autobiographical because William Burroughs is one of my very big things. The boxers he wore (1977) is a favorite of mine. Seen close up of clear vinyl, it is mounted over the wall and spills across the floor in a continuous line 27 feet long. Symbolically for him "30 little boys" creates all over it.

There are about 600 little boys' striped T-shirts incorporated into various units by Burroughs and they are possibly the strongest graphic statement. Some of these are very reminiscent of Duchamp's paintings. Was he a conscious influence?



FALL CLOTHING, 1987

WP: Duchamp was not a conscious influence but, did notice the similarity long after I had done the work.

JB: Tell us the story about the Fiorucci.

WP: He told me Fiorucci came to my studio and bought a number of the shirt pieces. They were then shipped to Milan where they were presented in his designs. Using my work as a starting point, the Fiorucci designers created new designs for quantity manufacture. Thus the original T-shirts, which were outgrown by little boys, generated new T-shirts which would also inevitably be outgrown by other little boys.

It's problematic because in search of a larger audience, the artist is sometimes victimized by narrow commercial interests. The commercial angle almost invariably breaks down the creative process. In the '80s the situation is made even more ludicrous by artists who aggressively prostitute themselves. I won't name names but let's call them Keith Haring.

JB: Given that your early pieces involving clothing began when you realized your clothes piling up on the chair beside your bed, it is not surprising that you have done a lot of furniture, most of it chairs, sofas, beds, or even a modular form of seating. Sculpturally these shapes are then characteristically very simple and are usually only visible to the person who is sitting on them. The clothing with which they are connected. From the perspective even a designer's chair may be seen as a "visual" "recess" of a chair. You were doing furniture long before the recent surge for art furniture. Care in connection?

WP: I've never considered myself a furniture designer. I wasn't really making furniture. Furniture is only one of many areas that I have worked in the sense being the appropriateness for the expression of the idea. Specifically in the case of the furniture pieces, growing out of the observation of my clothes draped over a chair, I was also looking about to other people sitting on them and draping their clothes over them.

Early on it was important to show that art wasn't merely something to be hung on a wall above the sofa, that in fact art could be anything. Now that people are seeing art furniture, instead of addressing the art they're calling it a chair.

JB: Your impulse often seems to derive from mundane objects or experience which is not supposed to be art and of course you "make art out of iron, steel, plywood, magazines, beer shorts T-shirts, etc." Since you were celebrating what was low and vulgar and that it is important, were you uncomfortable, uneasy with producing such works or high art preferring to do functional pieces such as shower curtains and furniture?

WP: I don't equate the term "high art" with non-functional art works. The only difference between "low" and "high" art is consciousness, and in a Kurt Schwitters collage, trash art the street is very "high." I was doing functional and non-functional pieces since I couldn't make a distinction between them.

JB: Moving on to your new sculpture, you did something recently which changed you into a kind of aesthetic serenity. After years working mixed, you began to make art without it. Your "new" sculpture "was that you do furniture." "Get rid of all that," says Burroughs, especially now that it's ok to do art furniture. What's everything going into the fire, did you plan to look across the hot seats?

WP: This may sound funny five hundred years after Columbus, but the world is not flat. Much of my work has been about painting and painting words. Ideas, "pictures," and modes of perception are personal interests. I've always thought that realist painting is kind of dumb because even the best lacks so much of the reality I could never bring myself to copy anything. Nevertheless, I have a strong



More subtle is work which requires a response from the viewer for its completion. Generally such work does not involve a representational graphic image ("Green Park #3, 1956") and is more about ideas. Even when the viewer's response is sought expressly for the purpose of subverting their expectations (as with Duchamp, Magritte and Man Ray), at least a limited dialogue occurs. This work derives its power from the intellect. Intellectuality, when it is good, is strictly defined and, hence, not particularly subtle. Yet the key to power in art is subtlety and refinement.

For more subtle is the poetic and open ended work of such artists as Joseph Cornell, Edward Hopper, and Georgia O'Keeffe, which allows an unlimited, indeterminate dialogue. Not only may such work mean different things to different viewers, its meaning may grow and change over time for a single viewer. The progression, then, is from the inconsequential viewer whose response is irrelevant, to the head of the viewer whose attitudes are either sabotaged or simply reassured, to the heart of the viewer whose subjective and personal feelings sustain an unlimited dialogue with the art. As important as Duchamp is, he never really grabs you by the throat the way Man Ray and Magritte sometimes do, and Cornell and O'Keeffe often do. The reason for this is possibly because we're so protective of our private lives that so few people ever really get to us. You've got to love someone desperately for them to be able to break your heart, yet certain of the self-portraits of Rembrandt or Van Gogh can easily do it. How is it that the boxes of Joseph Cornell can be so devastatingly beautiful? They draw us into a world more beautiful than our own, into which we are completely seduced, wide open and vulnerable. Once there, emotional chords of such intensity are struck that the rupture of the music is almost unbearable. Yet we cannot say no to Joseph Cornell, nor do we want to. This is absolute power. I have tried to elucidate the sources and development of the art of William Sessier, and it is very much to his credit that these influences are more a matter of affinity than mere derivation. In fact, the depth and range of these influences are more indicative of creative freedom than the more common slavery of imitation. William Sessier's sculpture does not look at all like the boxes of Joseph Cornell. Yet there are uncanny and unmistakable parallels between them.

[Jeffrey Braham, *Sixty-Six*, May 1956]

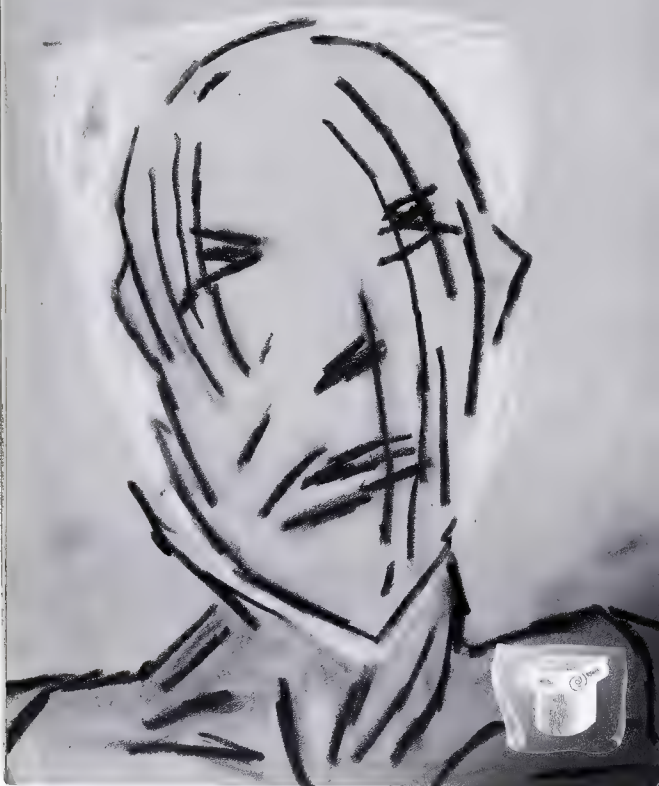


EVERYTHING AT HOME APPEARED NORMAL, 1956 33" x 13"

HE DANCED HIS WAY OUT OF PHILADELPHIA, 1956 38" x 38"







Adrian Cheng, the 31-year-old designer of the brand, has decided to start his own studio. "There were a lot of possibilities and he wanted to know if he was in the right place," says Cheng. "He wanted to know if he was in the right place." Cheng is a designer who has been working in the industry for over 10 years. He has worked for several companies and has been involved in many projects. He is now starting his own studio and is looking for new clients and projects.

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Cheng





Mark Forbin Photography (415) 550-7965



The Return to Biga Here Pinocchio is coerced back to the capitol city of the Helioptical Isle. I did not take the idea from "Escape from New York"



Pinocchio In Nichelm Han Type of Spaceship Digging Rocks, in a Style Reminiscent of Herge's "Tintin Goes to the Moon" Pinocchio does not need either oxygen or food, being made of wood, but having lost sight of his companions, spends his time repairing wandering spacecrafts, collecting space minerals and writing a diary of his dreams and misadventures

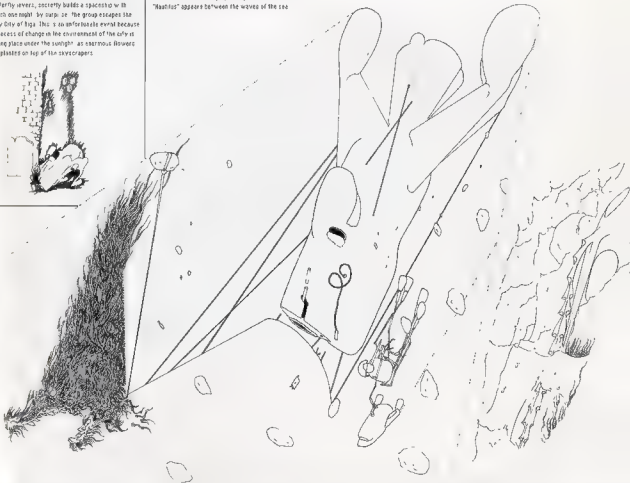
The Flight by Spaceship In attempts to escape the City of Biga have resulted in failure. Re this last resort, Pinocchio, with a group of conspirators and butterfly levers, secretly builds a spaceship with which one might, by surprise, the group escapes the City of Biga. This is an unfortunate event because a process of change in the environment of the city is taking place under the sunlight as enormous flowers are planted on top of the skyscrapers.



Duck-footed Spaceship in Cubist Perspective and Explosion Crash in outer space. Pinocchio is sent spinning around, catapulted by the impact. He ends, in the kaleidoscopic confusion of the moment things as different as rocks, wandering heights, ropes, bars, dragons, falling arches, street lights columns and racing cars



Pinocchio Pulls Together Pieces of a Ship While Dotted Lines Separate Him from Dreams of the Past On the right, the figure of Jules Verne's "Nautilus" appears between the waves of the sea



Dotted Lines are Arbitrary Lines. Here they show the path of rocks from a cave and the flight of an ultra-modern mechanical Pinocchio.

The Conversation with the Jimmy Cricket (the Kums I love)

On a lunar rocky landscape, Pinocchio, holding a banner and a gun¹ rad, solves the space aged-cricket. He descends with the posture of a superman who is fixing the temperature of the water before plunging into it. Close by, a mechanical bird silently and capably stands by the a poppycock correctly inflecting the situation. [Personally, this is E.H.E. Pinocchio I love.]

Pinocchio Throwing a Ball Down to a Fledgling of Gravity, as Photographed in the Style of Edward Muybridge. Infinite are his ways of occupying time, of enquiring and observing the nature of the world.

Airplane Amidst Dotted Lines. Like in the "Planet of the Apes," the spaceship/airplane wavers and zigzags along the surface before touching the ground. Dragon, arrows, racks seem all to take part in the fall as if landing at some incredible speed. In the clouds, a slab/mirror, reminiscent of "2001: A Space Odyssey," is a premonition of events to come.

The Diving Airplane has reached almost "zero altitude" as it skims just slightly above the tips of the waves below. The aquatic Pinocchio frantically starts a proper verb all the fervor of wanting to save his son, breaching anything which comes to his mind, piling names of oves and flies of possible books one on top of the other as if a grocery list.

Pinocchio, Cavalier with Many Arms on a nonexistent horse shows us a character worthy of the better and the rhythm of the 18th century Italian poem "Il Cavallo Pinocchio" which, in his dream, our hero lives as one of the Paladins.



The Field of Mirrors Reflecting Island Clouds and not nearby nature, are elements borrowed from surrealism, which is what connects space technology and the world in the time of Charlemagne.



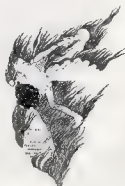
Time progresses, like the wind pushes The Ship and the Three Phocchias Fighting Near Lamp Posts and Cotton-Ball Trees.



Phocchias wakes up after having become a clergyman, and sees The Knight of Forgetfulness Coming After Him Brandishing a Long Sword



And he remembered The Snake.



He remembered when he posed as The Oiscotulus (Blow Thrower) Near the Tomb of His Sister with the Deep Blue Hair



He remembered the rainy Times in the City of Niga.

1916

D'après de Vagues

Souvenirs d'H. Barbusse by Didier Cremieux

t HE SOLDIER HAS BEEN
LOCKED IN HIS ROOM FOR
NEARLY TWO WEEKS.
OUTSIDE IN THE STREETS AND
IN THE NEXT ROOM WHICH HE
DESTROYED THROUGH A CRACK IN
THE WALL, DEATH IS EVERYWHERE
INHYDING HIS LAND. THE PLANTS
HE ONCE LOVED ARE NOW THE
FIELDS OF MUD AND BLOOD.



THE DEATH OF OTHERS, LIKE THE
OLD NEIGHBOR SURPRISED BY HIS
LAST BREATH, AS HAGGOTS
ALREADY TOILED IN HIS THORAX, THE
DEATH OF THE WHORE, WHOSE HEAD
WAS NEARLY SEVERED BY A SMILE
AND WHO LAYS BY THE TRENCH.



THE COLONEL, MASSACRED, JUST LIKE
THE WHORE, FELLED IN THE FIELDS OF
MUD. SHE DOESN'T GET THE MUSIC
OF THE HONORS.

AND THE MAGGOTS ALREADY GNAWING
AT THE COLONEL'S MEDALS, WHILE
THE WHORE'S DRIED UP FLESH IS
BEING DISPERSED IN THE FOUR WINDS.



AN OLD DRIED-UP APPLE COVERED
WITH WHITE SILVER HAIR AND OLD
GOLD, SIMILAR TO OLD TREASURES
THAT LIE HERE AND THERE ALONG THE
STREETS.



TREASURE AND MOTHER OF MILLIONS
OF MEN, OF MILLIONS OF ENEMIES,
WITHOUT FRONTIERS, IDEALS OR
MORALS, NOW MINGLED TOGETHER IN
THE WOUND OF THE TRENCH.



NO THE BODY OF THE COLONEL,
SHAKING AMIDST THE BOMBS
WITH THE LAUGH OF THE
GORED LAND, THE LAND RAVED BY
SOLDIERS IN MUDDY UNIFORMS



FLESH COLORED GOLEMS, EXORCISED
PUPPETS SLASHED BY THE BAYONETS.
AS THE BLOOD FLOWS MIXED WITH
RAIN TO NOURISH THE EARTH, THE
HOMELAND OF MOTHERS OF STARVING
CHILDREN, DELIBERATELY ABANDONED.



ABANDONED TO THE VICES OF EARLY
MORNING BUTCHERS, SUSPENDED ON
THE MEATHOOKS OF THE BATTLEFIELD.
AND SO WE WALK, AS ONE MAN, ON
THE WAY TO GLORY, AND THE FLAG
FLUTTERS BEFORE US.

- NOËL 1985 -

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